

Bath Time

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Summary: Dragons don't like getting wet. Hiccup tries to force Toothless to take a bath. Naturally, chaos ensues.

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><p>"Bud, you have to have a bath."<p>

The black dragon on top of the Haddock house's roof remained still, looking down at the lanky teen below him.

"My dad won't let you in the house if you stay dirty," the boy said, trying to coax the dragon to come down.

The winged reptile shrugged. It was warm now, with it already being mid-spring on the isle of Berk. He could make do outside perfectly fine. The air even smelt all nice, since it had rained last night.

"Toothless, please. Or no flying."

Toothless snorted; like Hiccup could keep that promise.

"Yeah, you're right, I couldn't stick to that. If you don't come down here right now I'll, um..." Hiccup's eyes gazed up to the roof and then back down to the ground. He took a step forward, but felt his prosthetic slide in the mud and braced himself to face plant.

Instead, a large scaly breathing body had intercepted his fall and Toothless helped him back up to his feet, his eyes wide with concern.

Hiccup chuckled. "Thanks bud, I'm alright. And now that you're on the ground, it's bath time." Toothless moaned as Hiccup tried to drag him towards the large wooden circle filled with water.

"C'mon Toothless." He pushed at the dragon from various angles, but nothing would make him budge. "How about some nice Icelandic cod once you get in? Your _favourite._"

Begrudgingly, the Night Fury climbed inside the wooden tub. Hiccup tossed him a fish, which he greedily gobbled up.

"Finally... Now for the actual bathing." Hiccup bent down to get some soap and a clean rag from the small basket beside the tub. Holding them up in his hands, he went to gently rub some soap from his hands behind the dragon's ear plates, but Toothless instead, turned towards him and licked him all over his face.

Disgruntled and disgusted, Hiccup gave a shudder but decided to rub soap behind the ear plates anyway. He would smooth down his slobber drenched, stuck straight up hair in a moment.

Just as the dirt from Toothless was finally beginning to fade due to the soap, the dragon abruptly stood up from the bath and shook himself. Water and soap suds flew everywhere.

"Toothless, no!" Hiccup attempted to grab his dragon and pull him back in, but Toothless hopped out of the tub and Hiccup fell into it instead.

His wet head popped up out of the water and he was on his hands and knees. His mouth tasted like dirty water and soap. "When I get my hands on you!" he threatened, standing up and slowly getting out of the tub.

Toothless' hindquarters wiggled â€" clearly this was like a game of tag â€" and there was a mischievous look on his face. He gave his boy a gummy smile, then turned around and ran down from the Haddock house and into town.

Hiccup cursed under his breath ("Ah, the gods hate me,") and ran after his dragon as fast as he could.

In the village, not many people were out. Gray clouds were gradually gathering and people wanted to finish up their business before it rained. And also moved fast to get out of the way of the soapy and wet Night Fury gallivanting through the streets.

"Toothless, come back!" Hiccup yelled after him.

The Viking cringed as he passed the other teens, who were roaring with laughter. He supposed, as he was wet, covered in dragon slobber and soap suds, he must have looked pretty ridiculous. But at least Astrid was trying to hide her giggles.

"Your support is oh so appreciated," he told the other teens irritably, stopping to catch his breath before continuing the pursuit of that stupid â€" useless â€" reptile â€" why did he have to have the fastest dragon?

Toothless had finally reached the edge of the village, stopping just outside the woods. His black scales were shining from the water. His paws were muddy and even his upper legs and belly were flecked with dirt.

"Thank you â€" for nothing â€" you useless â€" reptile..." Hiccup wheezed when he finally was standing beside the Night Fury. "Now you, are having, a bath."

To his surprise, Toothless came willingly back to the tub, even happily. But when he reached down once more to grab the soap and rag, he realized why.

His tunic, boot, prosthetic and leggings were covered in dirt. He would have to wash his clothes. He gave Toothless an annoyed but impressed look before climbing in the tub next to his dragon.

"You wanted this, didn't you?" he guessed. Toothless did the dragon version of laughing at him. "Useless reptile."

But he couldn't help but smile as he reached up to rub the rag and slightly scratch behind Toothless' ear plates.

Hiccup supposed there were worse ways to spend an afternoon.

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